



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

JOE LEVESQUE, tenor

with

KATHERINE HUGET, piano

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1992 AT 8:00 PM

From The First Book of Songs (1597)

Rest awhile, you cruel cares

Come, heavy sleep

Come again, sweet love doth now invite

John Dowland

(1563-1626)

Après un rêve (1878)

Mandoline (1891)

Clair de lune (1887)

Les berceaux (1879)

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

INTERMISSION

From the Mörike Lieder

Schlafendes Jesuskind (1888)

Gebet (1888)

Fussreise (1888)

Der Gärtener (1888)

Hugo Wolf

(1860-1903)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (1932-33)

(Poems by Paul Morand)

Chanson romanesque

Chanson épique

Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

From Mass (1971)

A Simple Song

Leonard Bernstein

(1918-1991)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Levesque.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

TRANSLATIONS

Après un rêve - After a Dream

In a slumber charmed by your image I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirages;
your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and clear.

You were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise; you were calling me, and I left the earth
to flee with you towards the light; the skies opened their clouds for us, splendours unknown, glimpses of divine
light...

Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!

I call you, oh night, give me back your illusions; return, return with your radiance,
return, oh mysterious night!

Romain Bussine

Mandoline - Mandolin

The serenading swains and their lovely listeners exchange insipid remarks under the singing boughs.

There is Tircis and there is Aminta, and the eternal Clitander, and there is Damis, who for many a cruel fair
one has written many a tender verse.

Their short silken vests, their long dresses with trains, their elegance, their gaiety and their soft blue shadows
whirl madly in the ecstasy of a moon rose and gray, and the mandolin chatters amid the trembling of the
breeze.

Paul Verlaine

Clair de lune - Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading,
playing the lute and dancing, and almost sad beneath their fantastic disguises, while singing in the minor key of
triumphant love, the pleasant life.

They seem not to believe in their happiness, and their song blends with the moonlight, the quiet moonlight, sad
and lovely, which sets the birds in the trees adreaming, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy, the tall slim
fountains among the marble statues.

Paul Verlaine

Les Berceaux - The Cradles

Along the quays, the large ships, rocked silently by the surge do not heed the cradles which the hands of the
women rock, but the day of farewells will come, for the women are bound to weep, and the inquisitive men
must dare the horizons that lure them!

And on that day the large ships, fleeing from the vanishing port, feel their bulk held back
by the soul of the far away cradles.

Sully Prudhomme

Schlafendes Jesuskind - Sleeping Christchild

Son of the Virgin, Child of Heaven, on the floor upon the wood of suffering sleeping, that the pious master,
mindful yet playfully has set your light dreams beneath; you flower, yet in the bud dawns still covered, the
glory of the Father!

Oh, if one could see which pictures behind this forehead, these dark lashes, are gently painted!

Gebet - Prayer

Lord! Send what you will, that which is good or that which is painful;

I am content that both from your hands flow.

I pray that with joys and I pray that with pain I might not be overwhelmed!

For halfway in between lies favourable moderation.

Fussreise - Wandering

With fresh-cut walking stick, when at early morn,

I walk through the woods, up and down hills:

then, like the small bird in the foliage, which sings or stirs or like the golden grape
which feels spirits of delight in the first morning sun, in like manner my dear old Adam also feeds autumn and
spring fever, heartened by God, never taken too lightly the first delight of paradise.

Therefore you are not so bad, o old Adam, as the stern teachers say:

you continue to love and praise, to sing and extol, as if each day were newly created, your dear Creator and
Sustainer.

Might this be so, and my entire life were with easy sweat such a morning journey!

Der Gärtner - The Gardener

Upon her favourite horse

as white as snow,

the most beautiful princess

rides through the avenue.

The pathway along which the horse

prances so gracefully,

the sand which I scattered,

sparkles like gold.

Your rose coloured hat,

bobbing up and down,

Oh, throw a feather

secretly down!

Der Gärtner - The Gardener (continued)

And if, in return, you want
a blossom from me,
take a thousand for one,
take all!

Chanson romanesque - Romanesque Song

Were you to tell me that the earth
offended you with so much turning,
speedily would I dispatch Panza:
you should see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell that you are weavy
of the sky too much adored with stars,
destroying the divine order,
with one blow I would sweep them from the night.

Were you to tell me that space
thus made empty does not please you,
god-like Knight, lance in hand,
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
belongs more to myself than you, my Lady,
I would pale beneath the reproach
and I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea.

Chanson épique - Epic Song

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty
to see my Lady and to hear her,
good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
to please her and to defend her,
good Saint Michael, I pray you descent
with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna of the blue mantle.
With a beam from heaven bless my sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity: my Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
The angel who watches over my vigil,
my gentle Lady so much resembling you,
Madonna of the blue mantle!

Amen.

Chanson à boire - Drinking Song

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who to shame me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine
will bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight...
when I am drunk!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,
who whines, who weeps and vows
ever to be this pallid lover
who waters the wine of his intoxication!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight...
When I am drunk.